

Goldrush Town

Fischer-Z

This time it's just a goldrush town.
Oh these sored red eyes have seen the Wall come down.
A place of fear is a sense of loss.
All the thanks have gone and the power' switched off.

Young girl sleeps in the hifi-store.
She's got a cardboard house on a concrete floor.
Cameras flash in the baritone sax
and the busker smiles.
It's just a tourist trap.

It's a meeting point between east and west,
between a refugee and a hotel guest
It's the meeting point it's like a station here.
No wonder I'm impatient.
Some people who call me crazy or simply sentimental.
You better believe your eyes,
just look out through window.

It's just a goldrush town.
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It's just a goldrush town.
Berlin.